



In the drawing room of the Spencers hung the portrait of an exquisitely beautiful girl with powdered hair and panniered skirt. She was the famous ancestress of little Mrs. Spencer, and, when Mistress Barbara Stuart, had saved two continental officers from being captured by her presence of mind and ready wit. One was her brother, the other a cousin, whom General Washington had sent to Burlington with a message to General Wayne.

The temptation being too great to brook resistance, they stopped to see Mistress Barbara, and while she was preparing refreshments a company of forty foragers came to the house. Mistress Barbara cordially invited the unwelcome callers within the house, knowing that it was less risky than to keep them without. She ushered the Tories into the dining room, then rushed to the kitchen and gave timely warning to her brother and cousin, telling them to remain perfectly quiet until she came again. Returning to the dining room with a huge tray heaped with delicacies, she spread them before the Tories, talking merrily, her quick tongue ever ready with a witty remark. When they were all busily engaged eating the tempting viands she softly closed the door and shot the bolt in place. Commanding her kinsmen to mount and ride away, she followed them with her eyes until they were lost to view; then she ran to the nearest house and sent the men to capture the Tories, which they did.

John Spencer was a stolid, adamant man, who was vice president of a bank, and when he married dainty Barbara Stuart everyone speculated as to the wisdom of his choice, for she was a butterfly creature who never gave a second glance at the serious side of life. One day Barbara astonished everyone by joining the Sorosis club, much against the will of John.

In the meantime Barbara had developed into an ardent suffragist, of which John knew nothing until he read an article in the paper saying: "Tomorrow being Independence day, the Sorosis club has arranged an interesting program and the mayor will preside. Mrs. John Spencer has consented to speak on equal suffrage and the Constitution, and judging by the able manner in which she handled the child-labor question at the last meeting, there promises to be a discourse on the suffrage question worthy of many listeners."

This was too much for John. His wife addressing a motley Fourth of July crowd and for the cause of equal suffrage! She was forgetting her dignity, and he must call a halt on these unfeminine actions or no telling where they would lead to.

Barbara was not at home when he called up on the phone, so he had to nurse his ire until evening.

"What does this mean?" he demanded, handing her the paper.

"Exactly what you have read there," she calmly answered.

John's face became the hue of a boiled lobster, and he stormed and fumed, walking the floor like a caged beast while Barbara perused the paper totally oblivious of his presence. Finally he went upstairs with a parting command that she remain at home the next day.

John was awakened by the explosion of cannon-crackers, for which the small boy next door spent his weekly allowance to properly usher in the glorious Fourth.

He found Barbara at the breakfast table already attired for the street.

"I had to have breakfast earlier this morning, dear," she smilingly said, "for we women resolved to be on the platform before the crowd assembled and to begin the program on the second of the time appointed."

"Do you mean to say that you are going—knowing that you are doing so without my approbation?"

"I am thoroughly cognizant of that fact, my dear John. Do you recall what day this is? Our forefathers declared independence 137 years ago, and Barbara Stuart helped capture the enemies of liberty. I mean to do all in my power to help the women rise above the medieval tyranny of men. Good-by, John. So sorry you will not come to hear me."

For an hour he sat alone on the veranda and sulked; then noticing the entire neighborhood moving toward the public square, he grabbed his hat and joined the motley crowd.

WOMEN HEROINES OF REVOLUTION

Two Whose Efforts Are Worthy of a Place in the Pages of History.

Everyone of course is familiar with the tragic story of Major Andre, the young officer sent by the British to negotiate the treason of Benedict Arnold, who was captured when the plot was frustrated and hanged as a spy. But only a very few are aware of the fact that indirectly the capture of Andre was due to a woman's intuition.

During the operations of the American army in the vicinity of the Hudson, Lieut. John Webb, an aid on Washington's staff, was a frequent visitor at the mansion of Gerard G. Beekman, at Peekskill. One day Lieutenant Webb left a valise containing an amount of gold and one of his uniforms with Mrs. Beekman, asking her not to give it to anyone without a written request from himself or his brother Samuel.

Some two weeks later a neighbor named Joshua Hett Smith came riding up for the lieutenant's grip and talked so convincingly that Mr. Beekman was about to give it to him, when his wife interfered. Smith got impatient.

"Why, Mrs. Beekman," he said, "you know me very well. Jack didn't give me that request for his valise, because he was in a hurry and didn't have time to write it. But now he needs his uniform right away and must have it. It isn't as if you were giving the valise to a stranger."

But Cornelia Beekman's feminine sixth sense told her that something was wrong.

"It is true that I know you very well, Smith," she rejoined, sternly. "Too well to let you have Sam's property!"

Mr. Beekman himself was inclined to side with Smith, but his wife remained firm and finally the visitor rode off disgruntled.

Smith called for Lieutenant Webb's valise on the very day of Andre's flight. Andre himself was in hiding in Smith's house. Smith, it seems, had heard Lieutenant Webb tell about the grip and its contents that afternoon at the tavern, and knowing that Webb and Andre were both of the same size had determined to get the patriot officer's uniform for the British spy.

Had Andre made his dash for New York disguised as an aid of the commander in chief himself there is no doubt that the American outposts would have facilitated instead of hindered his progress, and that he would have reached the British lines scot-free. That he did not get Webb's uniform is due solely to the keenness and determination of an American matron.

Other deeds of individual hardihood and even heroism were performed by women without number. There, for instance, is the story of Mrs. Jane Thomas, mother of seven Continental soldiers, who learned that the Tories were going to surprise a small patriot force at Cedar Spring, S. C., and who rode 60 miles in one night to apprise them, with the result that when the Tories made their attack they found themselves ambushed.

There also is the story of a similar service performed by Lydia Darrah, with results of far more moment to the patriot cause. Mrs. Darrah was a Quakeress with whom a number of British officers were quartered during the occupation of Philadelphia. The Darrah house was opposite the headquarters of Lord Howe, and for that reason was sometimes used for the reading of general orders to the officers.

On one occasion Mrs. Darrah was fortunate enough to overhear an order read for the troops to make a night attack on Washington's army, which was then encamped at White Marsh. Lydia ran the British lines and apprised the Americans, so that when the British came up they found their enemy with his cannon mounted, his troops under arms and so prepared at every point to receive the attack that they had to fall back without striking a blow. Had the attack been successful Washington's army, the flower of the Continental forces, would have been scattered and the war very possibly terminated.

Insect Feigns Death.

The deathwatch beetle has the invariable habit of feigning death when seized or disturbed. The simulation is so persistent that when immersed in water, or even in alcohol, the insect remains perfectly immovable, and will allow itself to be burned alive rather than betray itself. The tick made by the deathwatch resembles that made by tapping the finger nail upon the table—so much so that the insect may be led to recommence his sounds by doing this.

OLD CONCORD CHURCH



THIS WAS PEGGY'S DAY OF REAL JOY

The little town was gay with bunting, and the clear sunshine and radiant blue of the skies seemed to unite joyously for the festive occasion. Every one seemed infused with the patriotic spirit of the day, and Peggy Marsden felt somewhat ashamed of her drooping spirits as she passed down the street. But it is hard, at twenty-two, when one has quarreled with one's sweetheart and given up a picnic of many weeks' planning in consequence, to feel in the happiest of moods.

She had decided to go down to Susie's to be cheered up. Susie Montgomery, while favored of fortune's children in the matter of wealth, was afflicted with an unsightly deformity that caused her to shun social functions and find her pleasure a part from the crowds. Happy-go-lucky Peggy, as she was often called, had found a sympathetic chord in the girl's heart, and they were warm friends.

As she passed along, musing over her trouble, a wan, unhappy little face looked out at her from one of the windows; so serious was it that she thought it, at first, that of an old person. Then it flashed suddenly upon her that it was Dick Marville, the scrubwoman's little boy, who had been thrown from his sled while coasting and had been helplessly paralyzed. As she hurried on she wondered what it must mean to be a boy of ten and housed like that on the fourth of July; a warm wave of sympathy swept over her, and when she reached Susie's house, instead of pouring into her ears the tale of her own trouble, she laid a little plan before her. She knew that the Montgomerys always had splendid fireworks in the evening. What a treat it would be for Dick if he could see them!

"Susie, won't you let me drive your dogcart down to the village and bring poor little Dick Marville up here to see the fireworks? He isn't having any Fourth at all, and it must be dreadfully dull for a boy."

"Why, you dear Peggy, it will be splendid!" And so, instead of grieving over a miserable quarrel, Peggy spent the next few hours in the happiest work she had ever done. Indeed, Maurice Arnold was little in her thoughts—not half so much as she was in his, for he was having an unhappy time of it. That evening as he passed down Main street on his way home he was surprised to see Susie Montgomery's dogcart at the curb near Dick Marville's home, and Peggy, with the happiest expression on her face he had ever seen, lifting a pale, but radiant, child from the cart. It seemed providential that he should meet her thus. With one bound he sprang forward.

"Peggy, that child is too heavy for you; let me carry him in;" and without waiting for her answer he took the boy from her and passed into the house.

In a few moments he was out again, and helping her gently into the cart, he sprang in beside her and drove toward the Montgomerys'.

After a moment Peggy spoke: "To think that poor little Dick Marville should have brought us together like this!"

And Maurice replied: "It wasn't Dick, Peggy; it was your tender sympathy for one in trouble."

CELEBRATED HIS PRIVATE FOURTH

How Grandfather Watts Recognized Day of Signing of Independence Declaration.

Grandfather Watts used to tell us boys

That a Fourth wa'n't a Fourth without any noise.

He would say, with a thump of his hickory stick,

That it made an American right down sick

To see his sons, on the Nation's Day, Sit 'round in a listless sort of way,

With no oration and no train band, No firework show and no root-beer stand,

While his grandsons, before they were out of bibs,

Were ashamed—great Scott! to fire off squibs.

And so each Independence morn, Grandfather Watts took his powder horn,

And the flintlock-gun his father had When he fought under Schuyler, a country lad,

And Grandfather Watts would start and tramp

Ten miles to the woods at Beaver Camp;

For Grandfather Watts used to say—

And scowl—

That a decent chipmunk, or woodchuck, or owl

Was better company, friendly or shy, Than folks who didn't keep Fourth of July.

And so he would pull his hat down on his brow,

And march for the woods, sou' east-by-sou'!

But once—ah! long, long years ago,

For grandfather's gone where good men go—

One hot, hot Fourth, by ways of our own,

Such short cuts as boys have always known,

We hurried, and followed the dear old man

Beyond where the wilderness began,

To the deep, black woods at the foot of the Hump,

And there was a clearing and a stump,

And there on the stump our grandfather stood,

Talking and shouting out there in the sun,

And firing that funny old flintlock-gun

Once in a minute, his head all bare,

Having his Fourth of July out there—

The Fourth of July he used to know

Back in eighteen and twenty or so.

First, with his face to the heaven's blue,

He read the "Declaration" through;

And then, with gestures to left and right,

He made an oration erudite,

Full of words six syllables long;

And then our grandfather broke into song,

And, scaring the squirrels in the trees,

Gave "Hail Columbia" to the breeze.

And I tell you the old man never heard

When we joined in the chorus, word for word!

But he sang out strong to the bright blue sky;

And if voices joined in his Fourth of July

He heard them as echoes of days gone by.

And when he had done, we all slipped back,

As still as we came, on our twisting track,

While words more clear than the flintlock shots

Rang in our ears. And Grandfather Watts?

He shouldered the gun his father bore

And marched off home, nor west-by-nor!

TRAGEDY: ROCKET NO GOOD



Flag Day Popular.

Although Flag day is a comparatively recent addition to the national red letter days, it has been so heartily approved by popular sentiment that its observance in future is likely to be general.

"The Facts in the Case. "Who struck Billy Patterson?" asked the law examiner.

"An arrest was made following the assault," wrote one student, "and the magistrate held the accused for the grand jury. An indictment followed, and when the case came up for trial the accused was convicted. An appeal was taken and the argument will be heard next fall. In the meantime the accused has been released on habeas corpus and has established an alibi. Billy's chances of getting damages are just 1 to 193,427."

The examiner predicts that the man who wrote this will be one of the shining lights in his profession.

ECZEMAS AND RASHES

Itching and Burning Soothed by Cuticura. Trial Free.

The Soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal. Relief, rest and sleep follow the use of these supercreamy emollients and indicate speedy and complete healing in most cases of young and old, even when the usual remedies have utterly failed.

Sample each free by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. XY, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

His Clever Wife.

He was deeply in love with his wife, but awfully careless about money matters. He started away on a long business trip, leaving her short of money, and promising to send her a check—which he forgot to do. The rent came due and she telegraphed:

"Dead broke. Landlord insistent. Wire me money."

Her husband answered:

"Am short myself. Will send check in a few days. A thousand kisses."

Exasperated, his wife replied:

"Never mind money. I gave landlord one of the kisses. He was satisfied."—New York Times.

Better Than None.

One day, while Willie and Henry were playing in a field they disturbed a bumblebee's nest, and began running with the bees after them.

When they had run for a few yards, Harry breathlessly panted: "Willie, we ought to pray while we are running!"

To which Willie replied: "I know it; but I can't think of but one prayer."

And Willie, thus admonished, called out between gasps: "Oh Lord, for what we are about to receive, make us truly thankful!"—Natural Monthly.

Tail Wild, at Least.

A timid little girl stood looking out of the nursery window and called to her mother: "Mother, mother! Here is a wild dog."

Her mother went to the window.

"Oh, no, that dog is not wild; he belongs to the man who works across the street, and is a nice dog," she said.

After a moment's thought the child, unaccustomed to dogs, replied, "Well, his head may not be wild, but his tail is awfully wild."—Woman's Home Companion.

SHE QUIT

But It Was a Hard Pull.

It is hard to believe that coffee will put a person in such a condition as it did an Ohio woman. She tells her own story:

"I did not believe coffee caused my trouble, and frequently said I liked it so well I would not, and could not, quit drinking it, but I was a miserable sufferer from heart trouble and nervous prostration for four years."

"I was scarcely able to be around, had no energy and did not care for anything. Was emaciated and had a constant pain around my heart until I thought I could not endure it."

"Frequently I had nervous chills and the least excitement would drive sleep away, and any little noise would upset me terribly. I was gradually getting worse until finally I asked myself what's the use of being sick all the time and buying medicine so that I could indulge myself in coffee?"

"So I got some Postum to help me quit. I made it strictly according to directions and I want to tell you that change was the greatest step in my life. It was easy to quit coffee because I now like Postum better than the coffee."

"One by one the old troubles left until now I am in splendid health, nerves steady, heart all right and the pain all gone. Never have any more nervous chills, don't take any medicine, can do all my house work and have done a great deal besides."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Postum comes in two forms: Postum Cereal—the original form—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—a soluble powder—dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

Both kinds are equally delicious and cost about the same per cup.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

—sold by Grocers.